

The Scholastic Year.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NOTRE DAME. DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Editors of the Present Number:

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Vol. I. Notre Dame University, Jan. 18, 1868. No. 20.

TO FRIENDS OF THE DAYS OF OLD.

Notre Dame has nearly reached her twenty-fifth, or silver, anniversary. During those twenty-five past years, numbers have left her fostering care, to enter on the active business of life. Those who have fought their way successfully through the first bustle and struggle of making a name and a reputation, in the sphere of activity their genius has prompted them to select, are beginning again to revert in thought to the *Alma Mater* where the foundation of their success was laid, and to the comrades who shared their studies in those long past days. Accordingly we have received suggestions from various sources, to form an association of the *alumni* of Notre Dame, in which mutual acquaintance can be formed and kept up among those already united by a common bond—their attachment to the college in which their studies were pursued. THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR kindly offers itself as a medium of communication among old students, and is ready to publish suggestions on any of the following heads:

1st. What are to be the conditions of membership of the proposed society? The six-year course required for graduation at Notre Dame is so long that many who are well-remembered as old students, and who have taken an active part in the literary affairs of the college, have been called away by the pressure of worldly affairs before the goal of graduation was reached. Do our fellow-graduates wish to be so exclusive as to shut out these from participating in the common interest? if so, we think, the loss to the society will be severely felt.

2nd. What shall be the name of the proposed association? It should be at once expressive, dignified, and original. The institution's course and method of study,—in fact, the whole college life at Notre Dame, is so different from that in other establishments of the country, that our society should be peculiar also. We have no precedents from which we can copy.

3d. What literary and scientific objects shall be proposed as specially worthy of the interest of the society? Beyond the general object of forming a union among the *alumni* of the University, there was to be something to make the union productive of mutual benefit, or it will not be lasting.

4th. How often can regular meetings of the society take place. And what general medium of communication can be sustained among the members between times?

We earnestly invite correspondence on the above, or similar matters, from our old friends. The matter must be discussed in all its bearings before any definite steps can be taken. From the present time, until the annual commencement next June, there will be plenty of opportunity for all who have a voice in the matter to make it heard.

UNIVERSITY ALBUM.—This venerable Album is about to be filled with fine photographs of friends of the college, and of students formerly of Notre Dame. We invite all our friends to send their photographs to Rev. A. Lemoine, who will have them duly placed in the Album. All photographs should be sent before the first of February.

EXPERIENCE.

"Experience joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence."

When the whole world has been agitated in dispute over some great subject, when conflicting powers have exerted all their strength in rivalry, and when worn out by dispute they finely desist, where at last does the wondering and unenlightened world find an answer to the great problem, where but at the shrine of Experience. Tested at this impartial shrine our brightest anticipations of success, our darkest forebodings of disappointment, are alike often subverted. Has not Experience often shown men the utter nothingness of those very traits in their characters, upon which they placed the greatest confidence? Certainly it has. But, at the same time, it subjects them to this seemingly cruel disappointment, has it not often brought to light some latent quality in them, the existence of which they never dreamt?

One of our oldest axioms says, that "every man is good at something." Now, the great trouble with the majority of people is to find out what that "something" is. They enter the world and choose what ever occupation may best suit their particular fancy. Now, how often does Experience teach them, that though this occupation may be agreeable to their *fancy*, it is not to their *ability*, and consequently they are soon shipwrecked in their hopes.

Man naturally aims at the accomplishment of some particular desire. He sees in the future, some goal which he wishes to reach. The road which leads to this point of desire, is often strewn with so many unforeseen difficulties, that ere he passes over half of it, he loses all he possesses. Now, if he is a man of energy, he does not give way under these misfortunes, but, retraces his steps and begins again where he commenced. In his second attempt he meets not the difficulties that he did in his first. Before him there shines a bright star which casts its effulgent rays upon the path he pursues and opens to his view the dangers which impede his course, and which he *knows* he must avoid. That bright star is Experience. By his former misfortunes he has gained a knowledge which now leads him in safety from the labyrinth of difficulties which surrounds him. That knowledge is Experience.

There are some things which the minds of men cannot *instantly* fathom. There are some things too deep for their *immediate* comprehension. There are some things the expediency or

non-expediency of which time and Experience alone can prove. Let us draw an illustration of this fact.

Not many years ago, Tubular Boilers for Steamboats were invented. Every one thought that these Boilers were a great invention and much superior to the ones formerly in use. In 1865 we all remember that there were not less than six Steamboats blown to pieces in the short space of one month. Learned men attributed these great catastrophes to these Tubular Boilers.

On the other hand, Telegraphing in its first stages of existence was very imperfect, but owing to successive improvements, brought about by time and Experience, it has arrived at a high degree of perfection. From these two illustrations, we see that Experience accomplishes what man cannot immediately understand, and that it is the true perfecter or destroyer of man's inventions.

WM. SPALDING.

DISCRETION.

Under whatever circumstances we may labor in life, or in whatever predicament we are cast, no quality of character is more essential to our progress, than that of discretion. We may be gifted with extraordinary talents, and furnished with a liberal share of knowledge; yet without this single paramount attribute, *discretion*, success in our undertakings is well nigh impossible. It is, nevertheless, true, that knowledge can do much; but if united with discretion, her attainments will far exceed in number the fruits of her *separate* exertions. Knowledge may induce a man to engage in some important and perilous undertaking, but by the total absence of discretion, he is rendered liable to obstacles entirely unexpected, and perhaps becomes involved in a difficulty out of which he is unable to extricate himself. Knowledge may be said to abound in improvidence; her desires are centered only on the attainment of conclusions. She plunges in the midst of some promising enterprise, and ere the object of her desires is accomplished, finds herself completely entangled in a labyrinth of embarrassments. On the other hand, if the possession of knowledge is accompanied by discretion, no step will be taken without due consideration on the result; for the deficiency of forethought in one is abundantly supplied by the other, and if occasion demands the services of knowledge, when at the same time she is allied with discretion, no doubt can be entertained of her ability to please and to

acquire the end for which she is aspiring. There are comparatively few individuals, who, having in store an abundance of knowledge, possess therewith the gift of discretion. They are found to be void either of one or the other; the deficiency, however, is more common in the latter. The acquirement of knowledge is more through our own efforts, and our supply of intellect determines the number of our achievements. Discretion is a gift of nature, and one which is highly preferable to the accumulation of knowledge. The discreet man can prosper in the ordinary pursuits of life without a superlative degree of knowledge. But if he possesses no discretion, however well he may be informed, his efforts to advance will result fruitlessly. Discretion may be termed the ballast and rudder of the *barque* of knowledge; by the agency of which she is protected from the dangerous shoals, on which she is likely to be driven by the winds of ambition. Shielded from such perils by the guidance of discretion, she glides swiftly to the haven of all her desires. Finally, after having delineated the effects of this rare attribute of man on his success and well-being in life; after having shown the importance of cultivating our respective modicums of discretion, to their utmost utility, I willingly submit my theme to those who are undoubtedly better qualified for the quill than myself, for further amplification.

B. H. THOMAS.

The Impending Crisis.

One of the most exciting and interesting events of "Notre Dame," is soon to be chronicled in the annals of memory. Each student is preparing to review the labors of the past session, and the Professors are very lenient, (as a matter of course,) not giving much more than twice the usual amount to each class in general, and a little more to some in particular. The first "Book-keepers" (as X. Y. Z. calls them) are beginning to look white already; but not in consequence of that famous "coat of white," so popular among a certain class of students; and their nervous systems are affected to such a degree, that it is very sensibly manifested in their "specimens of Penmanship." But, students, let me conjure you not to be alarmed, for examinations, though not included in the general phenomena of Nature, have happened before, and at least some of us have passed through the fearful ordeal. And judging from experience, as well as the fact that no serious results arising from it are recorded in history, it is to be hoped that the coming one may not violate the general law of the past.

HONORABLE MENTION.

MATHEMATICS.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

James Cunnea, E. Donhoff, S. B. Hibben, E. E. Hull, Jas. McBride, E. S. Pillars and W. Walker.

ASTRONOMY.

W. T. Johnson, James McBride, James Cunnea, S. B. Hibben and Edward Hull.

FIRST GEOMETRY.

Charles K. Hibben and Joseph Winterbotham.

SECOND GEOMETRY.

Thomas O'Mahony.

FIRST ALGEBRA.

Henry Eisenmann, A. B. White, Geo. Bowers, C. K. Hibben and Chas. Hull.

SECOND ALGEBRA.

Benton H. Thomas, Dennis Clark, J. Monroe.

THIRD ALGEBRA.

D. J. Wile, J. L. Hull.

FOURTH ALGEBRA.

John Moon, Joseph Mader, Joseph Claffey, S. R. Anson, Jos. Downey, J. Murphy, John Zahm, A. V. Hoffman, J. L. Dickinson, George Yeakel and John Alber.

FIRST ARITHMETIC, (SR.)

A. B. White, Thos. O'Mahony, Wm. O'Donnell, F. Crapser, R. A. Brown, H. B. Keeler, J. D. McCormick, J. Moon, F. Kaiser and J. Buddeke.

SECOND ARITHMETIC, (SR.)

John Gibbons, James Monroe, J. Fuhrer, H. D. Rodman, J. Hefferman and J. Claffy.

THIRD ARITHMETIC, (SR.)

Robert A. Pinckerton, Joseph Mader, Joseph Harrison, Jas. F. Rogers, Wm. B. Smith, Joseph D. Murphy, John Mulhall and Frank Teats.

FOURTH ARITHMETIC, (SR.)

R. J. Clark, George Atkinson.

FIFTH ARITHMETIC, (SR.)

S. R. Anson, P. A. Hieber and F. J. Cousins.

SIXTH ARITHMETIC, (SR.)

J. C. Foley, C. W. Bennet, W. R. Spalding and Wm. Sterling.

BOOK-KEEPING.

John Moon, Thomas O'Mahony, Wm. O'Donnell, H. B. Keeler, F. Keiser, Louis Garcin, Jas. Claffy, Chas. Clark, F. Crapser, H. C. Boardman, R. Callighan and Joseph Winterbotham.

FIRST ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

Louis Botto, Carlton Sage, Francis Nicholas,

C. Hildebrand, E. Morancy, E. Calahan, J. Sutherland and Henry Beakey.

SECOND ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

Francis Ingersoll, Robert Staley, Thomas Watson, Louis Garcin and Lawrence Wilson.

THIRD ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

James Wilson, Hazard Dean, D. S. Bell, George Morgan and Austin Cabel.

FOURTH ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

John H. O'Neill, Vincent Hackman, James F. Ryan, George Rockstroh, Joseph Rumely, Charles Hutchings, Michael Braddock, James McGinnis, James E. Lewis and Eugene Benoist.

FIFTH ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

Thos. Arrington, C. J. O'Neill, J. Thompson and John Dougherty.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

John Fitzharris, C. Hertich, W. Hayden, W. T. Johnson, Jas. Monroe, Jas. McBride, Jas. McCormick, W. Pape, H. Rodman and W. Spaulding.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

John Broderick, J. Coppinger, H. Eisenman, C. Hildebrand, V. Hackman, F. Ingersoll, H. O. Morancy, J. Nohe, J. Schmeltz, T. Watson and L. Wilson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

George Gross, Edward Hydell, George Lyons, Ernest Lyons and Willie Stewart.

Infirmary Report.

Ike still enjoys his usual ill-health, and is living very quietly in the infirmary.

One of the boys came to Ike's apartments the other day, sadly disfigured about his frontispiece. The doctor, after examining him, said, that he had "a compound comminuted contused fracture of the 'tibia,' a stellated fracture of the cranium, and abrasion of the *os frontis*."

Ike, when he heard the case decided upon by the doctor, rushed into the sitting-room, and in a frantic manner, exclaimed: "The boy will die; all the latin pieces in his body are busted!"

"Arrival of *old* students," is still on the increase. "Honorable mention" of the large crowd to be in attendance during Examination, will be duly prepared and published in THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

We have lost sight of Ike's brother, and we think that he must either be down east, trying to sell that *mare*, or else has joined another society. The "Loafing Club" certainly miss him. J. D.

THE PRINCE OF PORTAGE PRAIRIE;

OR,

The Burning of Bertrand.

We give our readers, in this number, the first act of a burlesque tragedy which was performed by the St. Cecilian Society in December, 1865, with the original cast of characters. Some of the young performers have remained among us until now, either still budding under the fostering care of Bro. Florentius, or already expanded into the full bloom of seniority. One is preparing for the most arduous responsibilities in the sequestered shades of a neighboring retreat. Others have entered on the business of life—the "Prince" among the number. If this should meet their eyes, it may recall pleasant names and faces. It can do little more, for the play owed its success to the *mis en scène*, which must be left entirely to the imagination of the reader. The lively action of the whole piece—the beautiful Zouave drill, performed by the St. Cecilians in the dashing uniform they then wore—the startling effect of the sudden conflagration—and above all, the grotesque appearance of the various characters and dresses (particularly the black face of the "Barber") coming round in the "grand right and left" of the dance at the end—all these, and many more, beauties—are "not transferable" to print. We give it, however, as correctly as type can do, and let the theatrically initiated imagine the rest:

ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS:

The Prince of Portage Prairie—James Graham.
Alexander, his nephew—John Flanigen.
Duke of Goshen, } The Prince's { Joseph Hayes,
Marquis of South Bend, } Enemies, { Wm. Partridge.
The Barber of Mishawaka—a negro—James O'Reilly.
The Hermit of the Valley—John O'Connell.
A Water Spirit—Charles Braunstein.
A Butler—Joseph Rohan.
Two Spies—John Skelly and John Hayes.
Bugler and Drill-Sergeant—A. D. and A. J. Langan.
Indian Chief—Charles Spencer.
The Arkansas Traveller—Charles Deyo. Zouaves, Attendants, Indians, etc.

The scene is laid in the vicinity of Notre Dame, at some indefinite future period of time.

ACT THE FIRST—SCENE I.

The Banks of the St. Joseph River, above Bertrand.

The Prince discovered musing and gazing on the water.

In these blue depths how soon relief is found
From envy, calumny, and malice dire!
O world! O treacherous world! How I despise
Thy courtly mockeries—thy sugared poison!
Not long ago, the favorite of the King,
I bascked in honors, ruled my sovereign's court,
Ennobled whom I would. Honored by all
I held my head above the clouds, but now

The dream is past! Foul envy's work is done!
Calumny triumphs, and from power fallen,
I seek a refuge in oblivion!
(*Slops down and dips his hand into the water.*)
'Tis cold—'tis very cold! The suns of May
Have not had potency to warm this flood
Cooled by the frosts of winter. June—yes, June's
A month far more convenient, and besides
I think I've left my swimming drawers at home.—
(*Goes up stage.*)

Enter the Hermit, with an open Book.

Hermit—(*Reading.*)—Flumen est Arar, quod per fines Indianorum in Michiganum lacum influit, incredibili crookeditate, ita ut oculis, in utram partem fluat, judicari non possit.

Oh! what a light the spirit of research
Throws on historic annals! Until late
'Twas fancied Cæsar was a European,
But modern scientific men have shown
That in America his conquests lay;
Each territory, mountain, city, stream,
Except the Arar, they've identified;
And now the glory's mine to find the link—
That link thus wanted to complete the chain!
This is the Arar—this majestic strain
Owns the exalted name that Cæsar gave,
So falsely claimed by puny Saone in France,
But now restored to rightful ownership—
By me restored!—What triumph in the thought,
That hands me down to immortality!
My proof is easy. Do but turn an eye
Upon its winding course—now here—now there
Now East, now West, now North, now South, it flows
Non possit judicari!—there's the proof!
You cannot tell which side you're standing on.
(*Here he accidentally stumbles against the Prince.*)

Prince.—Halloa, good stranger! Look before you leap!
Methinks politeness would become a knave
Of thy condition. Dost thou know me not?
The Prince of Portage Prairie?

Hermit.—What care I
For Prince, or King, or Emperor, in short
For any earthly power? The powers of air
Are ever at my call to do my bidding.

Prince.—Canst thou command the water spirits, too?

Hermit.—My empire yet does not extend so far
As my ambition tends. But what wouldst thou
With spirits of the water?

Prince.—I would call
The spirit of this bright meandering strain
Perhaps he might relieve my troubled soul.

Hermit.—Is not this river in thy vast domain?
Thou art its lord! Thou hast despotic sway,
Suspend the *Habeas Corpus* Act.

Prince.—I do suspend it.
(*Soft music. Water Spirit rises.*)

Spirit.—Why hast thou called me from my oozy bed?

Prince.—Spirit, I need thee for affairs of weight
Above that turning in the river's course
That bends its waters northward, knowest thou
A peaceful village, Mishawaka named?

Spirit.—I know it well. I pass it every morn.

Prince.—And dost thou? and know a barber there? An individual
Of dark complexion?

Spirit.—Ah! you mean a nigger?
How should I know him? Spirits never shave.

Prince.—Ah, true!—too true! But then you might inquire.

Spirit.—And so I will, to serve my Prince.

Prince.—Then speed
Roll back thy waves,—thy foaming tide reverse
Until again fair Mishawaka's spires

Burst on thy view. Then find the Barber out
And bid him come and shave me.

Spirit.—I obey. (*Turns to go.*)

Hermit.—But first, I beg of you, a moment stay,
I'll take the chance, before you go away,
To make assurance certain. Tell me true,
Is this stream Cæsar's Arar?

Spirit.—Cæsar's who?
Cæsar's a tinker's name in Mishawak'?

Hermit.—O! horrid profanation! (*Drops the Book.*)

Spirit.—How you talk!

Prince.—There, stop your noise, and go about your biz. (*Spirit floats up stream.*)

Hermit—(*Aside.*)—I'll twist the nose from off your ugly phiz!
How near I got the certainly I craved,
But History's left in doubt that tyrants may be shaved!
(*The Indians here begin peeping from behind the scenes.*)

He'll now receive the punishment he lacks,
But I must save myself by making tracks.

(*Throws his book at the Indians, and exit. The Indians surround the Prince, who draws his sword and kills several. They finally overpower and capture him.*)

SCENE II.

A HALL IN THE PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF PORTAGE PRAIRIE.

Enter Alexander, with a tambourine. He sings a comic song, and then dances a jig. After he has danced for some time,

Enter the Barber, with a basin of hot water, and shaving materials.

Alex.—Why, friend, what brings you here?

Barber.—Come to shabe the Prince, massa. I'se de barber ob Mishawak'. Come all de way from Mishawak' dis mornin'. 'Spect you'm de Prince's nephew. Can you tell me whar he am?

Alex.—The Prince has not been home since early morn;
But be not therefore troubled. Not in vain,
Nor unrewarded shall thy journey be;
I mean to profit by this accident,
For me thy science shall be exercised;
In short, friend, you may shave me.

Barber.—Yah! yah! yah! I'd shabe you massa wid all my heart. Ony for one thing.

Alex.—Why, barber, what objection canst thou have?

Barber.—Well, the troof is, dar's nuffin dar to shabe.

Alex.—Villain! wouldst thou insult me? (*Threatens to strike him with tambourine.*)

Barber.—Oh! no, massa. Tickee! tickee boy! tickee! G'way—g'way. I'll frow the basin at ye.

(*Enter the Butler and all the servants, running.*)

1st servant exclaims: Oh, my lord, the Indians. *2d servant*: They've carried off the Prince. *3d servant*: They'll come and kill us all. *4th servant*: And burn down the house—oh, dear!

Butler.—My lord, we come to break a piece of news most terrible.

Alex.—Oh my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Butler.—Aye! too well, my lord, you've guessed.
This morning, by the river's bank, engaged
In customary meditation, he
Was set upon by hostile savages
From Michigan, and by them carried off.
(*The Barber arranges the shaving materials on a table.*)

Alex.—How learned you this?

Butler.—A hermit brought the news
Who saw him captured. Since, we have been told
The savages have fortified Bertrand.

The Prince, our master, lies imprisoned there.

Alex.—And where are the Bertranders?

Butler.—They have fled—

All that were able—those that could not flee
Were scalped without compassion by the fiends.

Alex.—Alas! this news doth overpower my strength,
Upset my spirits, and unhinge my brain
A frenzy seizes on me!

Barber.—Now young massa don't git conswamptious. I had an
uncle once myself, and I know just dizackly how it is.

Alex.—Had you indeed? You do not say so, friend.

Barber.—Sartin, yes. De fact is, he'm alibe still. Come down
to Mishawaka, and I'll introduce you.

Alex.—Mistaken wretch! You little know the grief
That fixes on my soul and drives me mad.
I had a pocket knife, whose workmanship
Was rare and precious. Springs of finest steel
Opened and shut it. Seven blades it had
For different uses fashioned, and besides
It had a corkscrew, toothpick and a file.
It was a knife, sir, take it all in all
I shall not look upon its like again.

Barber.—But what has all dat to do wid the Prince, massa?

Alex.—O most vexatious barber!

That pocket-knife I lent unto the Prince,
To pare his nails—his finger-nails—this morn,
'Tis captured with him! Do you see the point?

Barber.—I think so, massa.

Alex.—You rejoice my heart!

For I shall never see the point again—
None of the seven points! Oh, I am frantic!

(*To the* Why stay you here? Quick! hasten to Bertrand,
serv't's.) And make those savages release mine uncle. (*Exeunt*
servants.)

My pocket-knife, I meant to say. Oh horror!

Knave, what is this? (*Snatches razor*) Or do my
eyes deceive me?

Barber.—Oh! he's got de razor.

Alex.—Or bears it the resemblance of a knife?

'Tis mine! I'll keep it!

Barber.—No you won't!

Alex.—I will! (*Runs off. The Barber follows him. Both re-*
appear, running across the other way. Alex. runs
out. The Barber remains.)

Barber.—Oh golly! He's got de razor; and he'm angry; and
he'll cut his trofe. And dey'll say it am all dis nig-
ga's fault, and dey'll hang me. I feel quite pale!
Oh—oh—oh!

(*Re-enter Alex., running. The Barber follows him*
out. Alex. comes in alone again and locks all the
doors.)

Alex.—Ha! ha! good barber! didst thou fondly think
Thou couldst outwit a maniac? Ha! I'm mad!
And now the end of this great tragedy
Must be accomplished. Ere I seal my fate
One last, long, loving, lingering, look I'll give
To my affection's idol. (*Looks in the glass.*) I MUST
DIE—

Or one alternative alone remains,
And that is, I MUST SHAVE! I think I'll do it.
(*Lathers and begins to shave. Noise of a crowbar at*
the door.)

Barber—(without.)—Sabe him. Break de door. He'm mad.
He'll cut his trofe.

Alex.—Not half so mad as you, my sable friend.
In vain your efforts on that door you spend,
The sturdy oak can stand it till the end.

Barber—(without.)—Now let's all shub togedder.

Al.—The work's accomplished! I have smoothed my chin.
And now I'm satisfied, I'll let you in. (*Opens the door*
suddenly. The Barber, Butler, and servants, all

tumble in together.)

Al.—That's what you get for laughing at my beard!

Another time you'll shave me when I ask it.

(*To the* And you, you villains, wherefore this delay?
serv't's.) Go! Hasten to Bertrand, and save the Prince!

A thousand furies! Why! you do not stir!

Butler.—Be patient! and reflect, my gracious lord,
The Indians are numerous, fierce, and armed.
We are weak—unarmed—few.

Al.—What? cowards all?

Fear ye to rescue, then, your Prince from death?

I'll go myself, and follow if ye will,

Or follow not, it matters naught to me.

I need no coward's aid. Before the sun

Shall have completed his diurnal round

I will be master of the hostile ground;

I'll drive the savage Indian from the land,

Rescue my pocket-knife, and burn Bertrand.

End of the First Act.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The "Bethlehem of the Minims."

'Tis too bad that the Minims are so modest in
their endeavors to put themselves before the peo-
ple! The "Bethlehem" of the Minims was a
grand affair,—to us all, but especially to them,
and that, we take it, was the main affair. The
cave was most naturally represented by huge
rocks placed one upon the other, with the Divine
Infant in the manger and Mary and Joseph
watching over Him.

But the peculiarity of the Minims' "Bethle-
hem" was the front ground; this was beautifully
laid off in hill and valley. Here was a tall
mountain covered with evergreens—there a long
valley with a lake in it—and ducks and other
fowl in the lake—and we remarked several ducks,
each of which had a private lake all to itself.
Flocks of sheep on the hill side,—and one pretty
large flock under the charge of a little boy in a
green great coat and red hat,—extensive forest,
covered the left hand side of the scene, in the
middle of which could be seen a large lake as
smooth as a mirror, reflecting the images of the
animals drinking on the shore,—while above
them could be seen a most ferocious looking lion,
ready to jump down upon the cattle,—but he
didn't jump, and that was the fun of it.

That which rendered this landscape so beauti-
ful was that it was designed and executed by the
Minims and the *material*, viz: lion, sheep, angels,
etc., furnished by themselves.

FOR SALE!

The undersigned offers for sale, a number of
literary articles, pronounced as waif goods. Those
who contributed such articles, seem to have
forgotten the fact that, irrespective of their ex-
cellence, no anonymous productions are accept-
able.

WE US & Co.

MUSIC.

A light in sound, a sound like power in light.
Rythm in thought and joyance everywhere.

Colrige.

There is music in sound, in sigh, and in thought,
Music thrilling sweet by the quick ear caught,
There is music, sweet music, in Zephyr's play,
Gliding soft through the wood in mid-summer days,
And the bright little bird they enchant the ear
With their silvery voices so fresh and clear;
There are sounds in the song of the little stream,
Like gay tinkling bells, in an infant's dream.
There's a stirring voice in the thunder's roll,
That wakens the innermost depths of my soul;
And music comes forth on the breath of the storm,
As it sways the huge boughs with its giant arm;
And on in the dash of the cataract foam
Music leaps with the wave to its ocean home,
And harmony shades too, the cool leafy grove,
While the silent elm glows, with a song that I love
The violet meek, bowing low neath the shade
Of the deep, sighing wood, or the grassy glade
Makes eloquent music for the watchful eye;
And the glittering stars in the fair, azure sky
Singing anthems that thrill through the sensitive heart,
With charms unaroused by the music of art.
There is melody seen in the craggy cave,
In the bold, fearless bound of old ocean's wave.
There's lofty song in the gorgeous shroud
Of the setting sun in the pillar-like cloud;
But who shall describe, the sweet music of thought,
Like the whispering of elfins through Zephyrs wrought?
Thoughts, are fairy-winged birds with musical throats,
Infusing all nature with ravishing notes.
On tireless pinions they carry the soul
To the depth of the ocean, from pole to pole,
But their music is transcendent, at discords harsh sound,
They hide deep in the soul for congenial ground.

M. S.

Mrs. P's reply to Ike's Last.

MISHAWAKA, OR THEREABOUTS, Jan. 15, '68.

I. PARTINGTON, ESQ., ETC.—*Dear Isaac:* Your last came to hand safe and am very sorry to think that you have given way to magnanimity and low sperrits, which for a boy of your age and sex is highly obnoxious. When I was a gal myself and tended the most selectest Decademy in Bosting I never gev way, not eving when the kitching chimely caught fire, which was very trying to the Principle's temper and nothing for dinner next day but what was full of Blacks. Think what your mother must have suffered on that trying occassion and also in Mathew maticks which I never *could* understand, but allus got threw some ways by setten next Sary Jane Peasley, which was a mighty smart figger of a gal and was afterwards married to an extinguished Civil Engine near. Isaac, ef you give way to them are low narvous feelings you will never be an Alum Nuss. You will never get a Sheep's skin on, and you won't be worth your salt. Just you go up to

the Board, and don't you stand none of thar nonsense. So no more at present from
your affected mother,

RUTH PARTINGTON.

THE South Bend *Register*, the Elkart *Review*, and the Elkart *Union*, are the first papers of the St. Joseph Valley, and come regularly among our exchanges.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
Jan. 13th, 1868. }

ARRIVALS.

DECEMBER 27, 1867.

Miss Mary Barnett, Alton, Illinois.

JANUARY 6, 1868.

Miss Minnie Walton, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

JANUARY 7TH.

Miss Kate Clark, New Carlisle, Indiana.

Miss Mary Hally, Sandusky, Ohio.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses C. Plimpton, Kate Doran, Blanche Walton, L. & L. Tong, K. Livingston, Mary Barnett, M. Ball, Sarah and Georgianna Blakeslee, Henrietta Duval and H. Cameron.

Junior Department.—Misses J. and M. Walker, M. Sissons, Mary Clark, K. Foreman and Adalade Metzger.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses L. Plimpton, Mary Toomey and Emmogene Schutt.

First Senior Class.—Misses Nora Maher, Emma Longsdorf, K. Cunnea, Mary Van Patten, Anna Machin and Agnes Ewing.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, Emma Carr, L. Lyons, K. Young, K. Graham, Bridget Bergan, Elmira Smith, Mary Carraher, Lilly Chouteau, Rosana Mukautz, Virginia Brown, Mary Morrill, Mary Miller, Frances Gittings, Emma Pickett, Sarah Teetzel, L. McManman and M. Walton.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Lorina Rettig, A. Sissons, Alice Dunn, Josephine Greishop, K. Carpenter, Winifred Corby, Emma Conan, Arvada Bragg, Clara Foote, Sarah Gleeson and Leila McKenny.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses Teresa Stapleton, Anna Tarrant, Augusta Sturgis, L. Bicknell, Julia Gittings, Rose Joslin, Harriet Thompson, M. and L. Cummerford.

WELCOME HOME.

The return of Mother Provincial on Friday, Jan. 3d, was greeted by addresses of welcome, and wishes for a Happy New Year from the Senior, Junior, and Minims Departments.

The tide of pupils returning from their holiday visit, had not fairly set in until Monday, the Festival of the Epiphany, but on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, it stood constantly at high-water-mark. On Saturday the classes (which were regularly resumed on the 7th) and the tables in the Refectory were full, and the aspect of the Academy was the same as previous to Christmas.

The happy histories, (in countless chapters), containing the narration of pastimes enjoyed at home, are distinctly revealed in each cheerful face, but now the absorbing object in view is, the approaching Examination. The prompt return of the young ladies, and the spirit of active emulation exhibited, are indications of the good resolutions formed; time will prove how many will sustain them.

EPIPHANY.

This interesting festival, commemorating the visit of the three Gentile Kings to the birth-place of our Divine Saviour, was observed with appropriate solemnity at the Mass and Vespers of the day. Impressive instructions were given, reminding the listeners of the fact that, we are the descendants of the Gentiles, and were represented at the Crib of Bethlehem by the three Wise Men, who presented gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Holy Infant in acknowledgment of His Royalty, His Divinity and His Humanity.

In the evening, the young ladies performed for their invited guests and the assembled school, ingenious Charades, interspersed with very good music. The Juniors and Minims addressed Very Rev. Father Provincial, in simple and childlike language, while the Seniors submitted the solution of their Charades to him, as a token that the entertainment was given in his honor.

SKATING.

The field of ice—quite unsuggestive however of ice-bergs or of an avalanche, and formed by the benevolent contribution of the hydrant hose attached to the Engine House, is engaging the sliding and skating proclivities of the young ladies. Some skate very well, others indifferently, and some are making their first attempts to acquire this beautiful and popular accomplishment. A spirited and amusing scene is presented during recreation hours upon this favorite field of sport.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The following Christmas presents were made to the various classes by Mother Provincial: To the Graduating Class, a book entitled the "*Practical Housekeeper*." To the First Senior Class, *A Checker Board and Chess Men*. To the Second Senior Class, *A box of Conundrums, and book containing the answers*. To the Third Senior Class, *Terrestrial Globe and Game of Cards, entitled "The Battle Field of our Fathers."* To the First Intermediate Class, *A Game of Cards*. To the First Junior Class, *A Picture of the Immaculate Conception*, and to the Minims, *A Picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*.

POINTS.

How sweet the hours of Sunday night,
When darkness gathering scatters light,
And we assemble one and all,
Within the pleasant Study Hall,
To take our points.

The lamps are burning bright and clear,
And we behold a scene of cheer.
To please our teachers we the while
Assume a bland and pleasant smile,
To take our points.

With anxious hearts and doubtful claims,
We patient wait to hear our names
Called out, and singled from the rest.
"Come Miss! Yours are among the best.
Come! Get your points."

Alas for change to all things given!
Another harks to hear her "seven."
Sad disappointment. The decree
For her instead, is—*number three!*
She lost her points.

With vain conjecture, wounded pride;
"With strongest effort I have tried
My best," she cries. Who can it be
In raps that marked me number three?
I hate good points!"

The next is called. She trembling waits
And listens to the various rates.
"General three. Class-Room four. Politeness two."
Her face has turned an ashen hue.
She sighs and says: "What will I do?
My points are *naught!*"

From this a lesson wise we learn,
They who from idleness will turn'
To well improve each moment given,
Will always merit number seven,
And get good points.

MARY RYAN, Second Senior Class.

ST. MARY'S, Jan. 13th, 1868.

ERRATA.

In the article from St. Mary's Academy, dated Jan. 2d, 1868, fourth paragraph, second line, read *delighted*, instead of "delightful;" and in the fifth paragraph, second line, read *merry*, instead of "many."